

THE  
ROOS  
FAMILY

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1779 - 1931

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*In loving memory of*

*Father and Mother Roos.*



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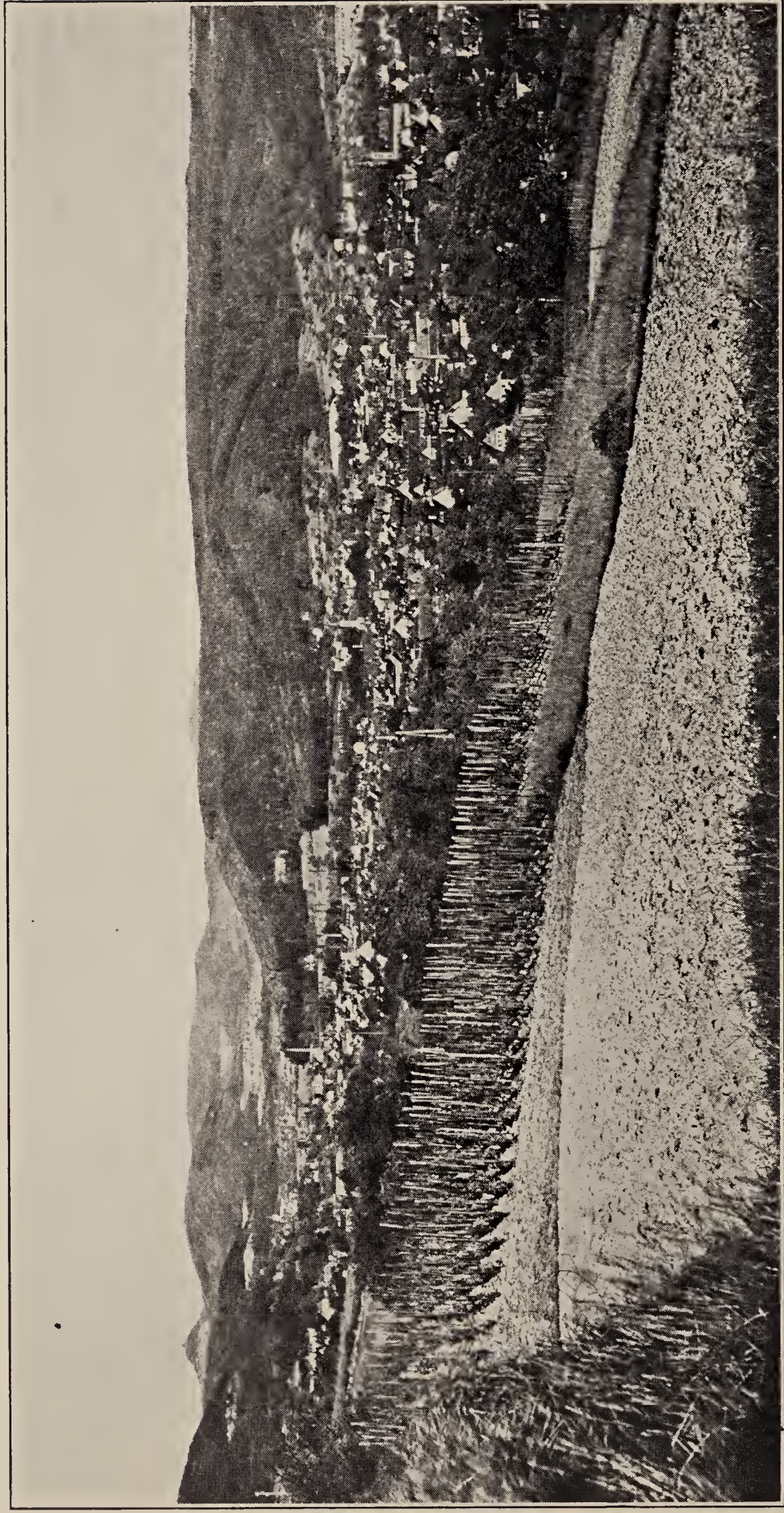
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HISTORY  
OF THE  
ROOS FAMILY

1779—1931

Compiled by  
Charles Roos of Williamsport, Pennsylvania,  
and written when he was 83 years old.





THIS IS THE TOWN OF LAHR, SITUATED IN THE BLACK FORESTS OF  
BADEN, GERMANY, THE HOME OF OUR ANCESTORS



# Introductory

IT IS my purpose to write a history of the Roos family, going back to a time that is within the memory of men still living. It is not a numerous family and, in that respect, far removed from that of Smith and Jones. While the writer has occasionally come in contact with people who used the same spelling, when writing their names, no blood relationship could be traced; yet such discoveries have not been numerous.

At the outset let me say that I have two outstanding regrets in the compilation of the necessary data. One is that I was anxious to dig into the past as far as say the beginning of the 18th century. This, I soon discovered, was not possible, and I had to start with the latter part of that century, or the probable birth of my parental grandfather, Christian Frederick Roos. So far as the date of his birth is concerned, there is nothing certain, but I place it at about 1775. It can not be far from that date, either way. My cousin, Theodor Kaufmann, writes: "Our grandfather died in 1860 or 1861." I recall my father saying that his father had lived to the age of 84 or 85. So, putting two and two together, brings us back to about the date named.

The second regret is that I was unable to trace my mother's family connections. Father and mother both left their ancestral home, Lahr, Baden, in the year 1846, and married about six months later. Mother died at the early age of 36 years, and I was then only 9 years old. She told me that, besides her father and mother, she left an older sister and younger brother in the homeland, while an older brother had preceded her to this country. This maternal uncle visited us one time when I was 7 or 8 years old. He was a confectioner and lived in Philadelphia. Personally,

I was not able to secure any further information, either from this uncle or others of the family. If father or mother did it was not communicated to me. Cousin Theodor Kaufmann, writes me that he has not been able to locate any one bearing mother's family name (Resh) now living in Lahr. As Mr. Kaufmann was born in Lahr, and has always made it his home, I came to the conclusion that all I could do was to call the matter a closed book. This conclusion I came to certainly *very* regretfully.

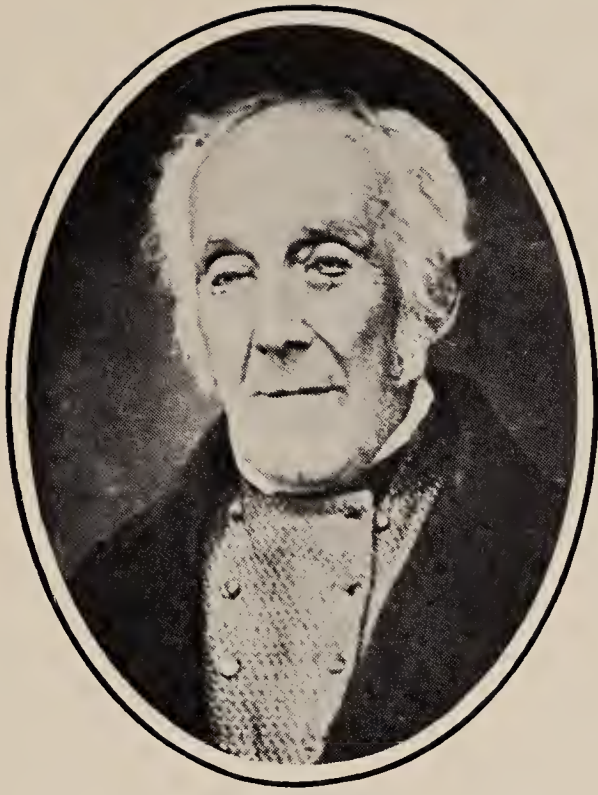
For help rendered in securing reliable data, I am under many obligations to the cousin referred to. A good many letters passed between us, and I realize fully how much help Mr. Kaufmann has been to me. Everything that I have asked for (no matter how trivial) has been promptly looked up and reply mailed. One particular matter I had almost given up. I was anxious to secure a photograph of my aunt, Salome, an elder sister of father's, who passed away before him. I tried to locate her descendants, but discovered that they had moved to France. Then, to my great relief, came a letter from Cousin Theodor enclosing the hoped for photo of Aunt Salome. My nephew, Charles M. Roos, sent me some very valuable information relative to my father's work in Quincy, Ill. While father was always ready to speak a good word for others, there was nothing of the big "I" about him. The matter that Nephew Charles had uncovered was a revelation to me.

An apology may be due to my relatives for the long delay in getting this matter closed. If so, I now make it. Two years ago I thought it was done but matters in connection therewith kept bobbing up, and so I decided to rewrite it and take the time needed to make it as correct as possible.

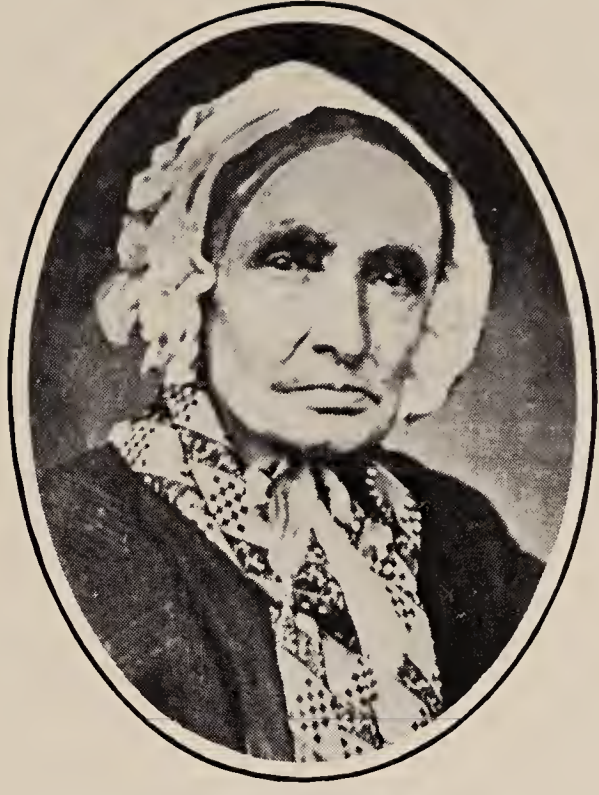
Williamsport, Pa.,  
June 23rd, 1931.

Sincerely yours,  
CHARLES ROOS.





CHRISTIAN FREDERICK ROOS  
First Generation



ELIZABETH VIESER (ROOS)

## History of the Roos Family

I ASSUME that most of the writer's connections are aware of the fact that our forbears were Germans. Very dear to the hearts of all Germans is the River Rhine. It was fought over, between them and the French, for centuries. It seemed the natural frontier between them and yet, while Napoleon was at his height, trying to conquer all Europe, the French occupied practically both sides of the river. However, after his downfall, the frontier was thrown back, except that section covered by Alsass-Lothringen, in and extending from Basel, for about 100 miles to a point a little north of Karlsruhe. After the Franco-German war (1870), as you know, the Germans took over this strip, and so controlled both sides of the stream, from Basel to where it enters Holland, on its way to the ocean. After the World War, however, this disputed strip was restored to France.

Everything connected with the Rhine is so interwoven with the fatherland that I am tempted to go a little further. Its source, as you probably know, is in East Switzerland. That country is fully three-fourths German, and the Rhine and its

tributaries drain fully three-fourths of it. If you have access to a good atlas, I would suggest that you have it before you at this time. Switzerland is a wonderful country, and is inhabited by a wonderful people. Its area is a trifle over one-third that of Pennsylvania, and the population is about 3,500,000. A range of mountains extends through it from southwest to northeast. About two-thirds of the distance northeastward another group breaks away with an eastward trend, while a third range extends north-westward. The trend of this third group is really from southeast to northwest. This forms the Rhine basin. In the main it is a longitudinal elevated plain, following the trend of the ranges east to northeast, and approximately about 60 miles in length. In a sense, every source stream of the Rhine has equal right to Rhine head; long custom, however has consecrated as the main head stream that which flows from the Rhinewald. At the foot of the east slope of the Rhinewald Horn (about 12,000 feet above sea level), there issues a stream, thick with glacial mud, and falls through a rock gorge, described by the peasants as Hell. Near by is a rise of ground with a trace of vegetation called Paradise. From "Hell to Paradise," for about 25 miles, this stream flows northeast, and then north, where it unites with the Vorder Rhine, a longitudinal stream of about the same size. The stream coming from H— is known as the Hinter Rhine. It has been estimated that there are no less than 200 tributaries that feed the Rhine, up to the village of Ragatz. This village is about 60 miles equi-distant from the source of both the Hinter and Vorder Rhine. From Ragatz it flows almost due north for 30 miles to Lake Konstanz (Constance), and forms the boundary between Switzerland and Austria. Bear in mind that the source of the stream was at about 4,500 feet above sea level, while at Ragatz it had fallen to 1,800 feet. The altitude of the lake is given at 1,300 feet, which denotes a fall of 3,200 feet for a distance of about 90 miles. Too much fall for navigation. L. K. is a longitudinal body of water, about 40 miles in length and an average width of about 10 miles. The Rhine enters the lake at its eastern end, and leaves at the western (about 40 miles), flows almost due west for 80 miles, to Basel, where we will leave it for the





SALOME ROOS (KEIFFER)  
Second Generation

present. On the way to Basel, the river is the boundary between Switzerland and Germany (or rather between Switzerland and the Grand Duchy of Baden).

I had almost overlooked a very important matter in this connection. The territory drained by the Rhine in the south eastern part of Switzerland, and which has already been described, is smaller than that of its main tributary, the River Aar, which meets the Rhine half way between the lake and the city of Basel. There are also two or three minor streams that join the Rhine on the way to Basel.

Most of the older part of our connections are likely familiar with the legend of William Tell and Gesler. A legend it was no doubt, but there is evidently truth in the claim that a character, answering to the name of Tell, actually lived. His home was at Altorf on Lake Lucerne, and a chapel was built nearby in his honor. He may or may not have shot the apple from his son's head, and afterwards shot the tyrant Gesler. Let us hope he did anyway, and we will all feel better. Before leaving Switzerland, may I call your attention to another character, whose influence went beyond that of Tell. I refer to Conrad Zwingly, whose place of birth was not far from Lake Konstanz. He lived in the time of Luther, and his influence was only second to that of the great Reformer.

Germany contains no less than 25 countries, made up of four kingdoms, six Grand Duchies, five Duchies, seven Principalities and three Free Cities. It is possible that some of these Principalities have recently been consolidated with Prussia, some authorities differ in this regard. The Grand Duchy of Baden heads the list of that classification. This country was the home of our forbears, and the city of Konstanz belongs to Baden. Our objective is the town of Lahr, in Baden, located on the foothills of the Schwarzwald (Black Forest), and only a few miles from the Rhine. The city of Constance is the gateway to the Black Forest, and the Schwartzwaldbahn (Black Forest Railway), extends from there to Offenburg, Baden. The distance is 112 miles. To reach our objective, we will (of course in imagination), take a train for Biebrach, about 100 miles distant, and there change to Autobus. In this connection would say that the Schwarzwald is a very interesting territory. It is about three-fourths in Baden and one-fourth in Wirtemberg. By consulting your atlas, also note that the outline of Baden is in the shape of a boot or triangle; the base resting on the Rhine, which, from Konstanz to Basel, flows almost due west. Also note that the Black Forest has the same general outline; being widest at the base. This mountain system is about 110 miles from south to north, while the width varies, being 75 miles at the widest point and 35 miles at the narrowest, or an average of 55 miles.

The population of the city of Konstanz is about 30,000; it is an old city, and goes back before the middle ages. A very interesting writer speaks as follows about his impressions: "Constance is one of the many charming towns, of which Baden may boast, and the Insel hotel a dwelling place which offers its guests at once romance and comfort. In past generations, a Dominican Monastery; it has still retained its pleasant cloisters; what was then a solemn vaulted chapel is now a stately dining hall . . . the charm which pervades the Insel hotel pervades all Constance. History looks in the old world corners; Cardinals and Bishops, Emperors and Kings passed by in the grand pageants which the consilium and other grey walls of once dreaded prisons





REV. KARL ROOS  
Second Generation

call up before the imagination.” Centuries ago this pleasant city was the meeting place of numerous Diets; ecclesiastical tyranny ran riot and more deviltry was consummated than possibly in any other European city. The burning of the Reformer Huss was one of the many outrages committed.

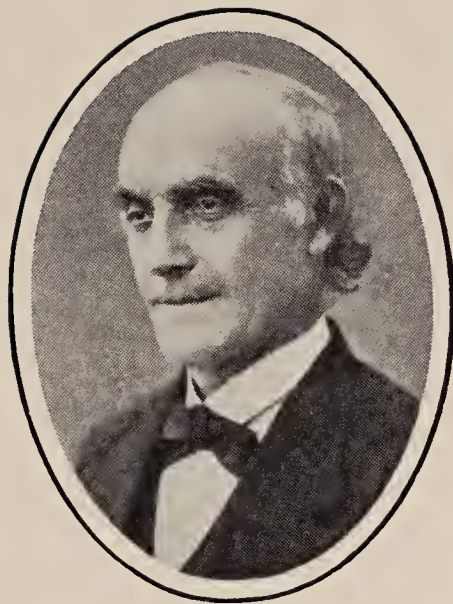
In imagination, I hear the call, which translated says: “All aboard for Offenburg and points North.” Heavy grades, steep declivities and numerous tunnels are before us. The rise to our first stopping place (Singen) is very gradual, and the 17 mile distance has added not over 100 feet; so our altitude at Singen is about 1,400 feet. At our next stop (Immendingen), we are at an elevation of 2,050 feet; though before reaching this point, we passed the water shed between the Rhine and Donau (Danube), the elevation at said point was 2,265 feet. Twelve miles further on brings us to Donoushingen, the largest town between Konstanz and Offenburg. The population of this town is given at 5,500 and here we cross the Danube River. The confluence of two streams form the Danube; it flows eastward, and is a wider and much longer river than the Rhine, and is the second in size of the European rivers. On the way from Donoushingen to Triberg we pass through the Sommerau Tunnel, 5,577 feet long, which pierces the main Rhine-Donau water shed, at an elevation of 2,730 feet. Note here a drop of 650 feet from the watershed to Triberg, a distance of less than seven

miles. This town is next to Donoushingen the largest town on our route. The population is figured at 4,300. All through the Black Forest, there are many waterfalls. The highest is at Triberg, and the fall is estimated at 900 feet. In 15 miles from Triberg we reach Hausach, a town of 2,200 inhabitants, and 790 feet above sea level. On our way so far we have crossed a number of streams. At this point, we reach the Kinzig Valley, and follow this stream a distance of four miles to Biberach. We have now reduced the altitude of Konstanz (1,300 feet) to 600 feet at this village. It has been a continuous up and down, but more down than up.

To get to Lahr, we can either take an Autobus, or, if we prefer, we can hike the short distance of about five miles. Much credit is due the Schwartzwaldverein for the attention they have given the roads and paths all through the Black Forest. Our Rambler has this to say in this connection: "Throughout the country we are about to explore the roads and paths are magnificently kept. A great deal of this advantage is owing to the nature of the soil and the fact that many districts are closed to the motorist; but a great deal more is owing to the praiseworthy efforts of the Schwartzwaldverein to keep up the paths, erect sign posts, and act as the Rambler's guardian angel throughout. Speaking further of railway transportation, our author says: "The Schwartzwaldbahn is in fact one of the sights and rivals some of the great Swiss engineering feats. Though the greater number of health resorts lie some miles from the actual station, still there is no spot in the Black Forest which the railway does not make perfectly accessible, and, for this blessing one must offer humble thanks to the government. It is a great piece of enterprise, out of which the traveler certainly takes the profit."

We are not yet ready for the ride or walk to Lahr, but must first return to where we left our old friend—River Rhine. It is at Basel, where the river at an elevation of 850 feet, makes a sharp turn northward. The fall is still too rapid for navigation, as you will readily see. At Mannheim about 150 miles from Basel, it has fallen to about 300 feet. Mannheim is a large city (the largest in Baden), and has a





REV. ERNEST ROOS  
Second Generation

population of 250,000. The distance from the Rhine Delta to Cologne is about 200 miles, and ocean going vessels can only go to that city. From Cologne to Mannheim, navigation is carried on with tugs and heavy barges. Mannheim is probably the largest mastless city in Europe. As previously stated, from Basel northward, for approximately 100 miles, the river separates Elsass from Baden. To the right lies the Black Forest, and to the left are the Vosges mountains. This part of the Rhine Valley, as far as Bingen, a distance of about 200 miles, forms one of the greatest freaks of nature. There is no doubt that many centuries ago the Vosges and Black Forest were one solid mountain system, and that the river forced a channel through. The valley averages 20 miles in width, keeping close to the right side for about 100 miles and then drawing nearer to the left, up to where it enters the gorge near Bingen. Owing to danger of overflow, nearly all the towns, on both sides, are built back on rising ground, and most of them on the foothills of the mountains. The Rhine being constantly glacier fed, is never at low water, and embankments have had to be built at many places to guard against overflow. Probably the most interesting section of the Rhine Valley extends from Bingen to a point north of Coblenz. This is the Rhinegau, where the stream narrows to a little over one-third of its width at Bingen. It is lined on both sides by castles and abbeys innumerable;

most of these having been wrecked in the numerous wars between the French and Germans. For a distance of about 800 miles; from its source in Southeast Switzerland, to where it enters the ocean, on the coast of Holland, it has ever been *the* river of myth, legend and romance.

It occurs to me that we could have reached Lahr by taking train at Basel via the Basel-Frankford line, and changed at Dinglingen, which is the station for Lahr. This station is about 50 miles north of Basel, and only two miles from Lahr.

As already stated, it is only about five to six miles from Biberach to Lahr, and the roads and paths, as everywhere in the Black Forest, are in excellent condition. Lahr is said to be a prosperous business town, and pleasantly located for a place of residence. It is built on the foothills of the Black Forest, and on both sides of a small stream called the Shutter. This stream rises at the head of a valley called the Shuttertahl, about ten miles south-eastward, and, after passing through the town, continues its course north-westward for about 20 miles, where it enters the Kinzig River. The Kinzig flows into the Rhine a few miles further on.

In this connection, it seems to me, that it might be well to describe more fully the Shuttertahl. Not having had the privilege of visiting the home of our ancestors, I have made a careful study of maps covering the Schwarzwald and the Rhine Valley; also have had correspondence with relatives residing in that territory. A comparison with a valley near home, and with which most of you are likely familiar, may be here in place. The distance of the Shutter, from source to its entry into the Kinzig, is given at 50 kilometers, which is just about 30 miles, and 10 miles of this is, approximately, the distance from source to Lahr. The home valley that I have in mind is that of the Lycoming Creek. The distance, from source, a mile or two above Roaring Branch station to its entry into the Susquehanna, is practically 30 miles. If in imagination, we could locate a town of about one-third the size of Williamsport at say Marsh Hill Junction, which is 20 miles north of our city, the comparison, with only one





EMIL ROOS  
Second Generation

exception, would be a striking one. The only exception would be the points of the compass—the general course of the Shutter being northward, while that of Lycoming Creek is southward. There is a small village at Marsh Hill Junction, and plenty of room to build a town the size of Lahr, on both sides of the creek and the rising ground nearby. Did you ever hear that “comparisons are odious”? They may be at times, but at other times they may be a help.

The town of Lahr is surrounded by four elevations of about 2,000 feet each; from either of which, a good view can be obtained of the town and surrounding mountains and valleys. The names of these are—“Burghard, Ernet, Alt-vater, and Shutterlindenberg.” It is protected on three sides, north, east and south by the mountains of the Black Forest. Only from the west is there an opening for the winds coming from that direction. As I understand it, the town is built up on both sides of the Shutter, and takes in a number of built-up sections that extend into small side valleys; also the village of Dinglingen (about two miles westward), and practically a suburb of Lahr. All trains, except a few fast express trains, stop at Dinglingen.

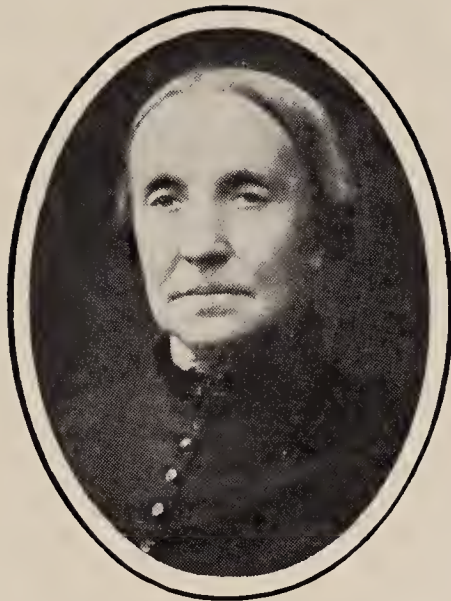
Historically, Lahr dates back to the 13th century (about 1250), and was for many years a walled town. It passed through many terrible experiences that tried men’s souls. It is probable that the Romans made temporary settlements

on the site of Lahr many years previous to date named. By studying maps we find, located about six miles eastward, the castle Geroldseck. It was the seat of a prominent family called Geroldseckers, who were supposed to be descended from a Roman knight by the name of Gerold. In the year 1250 the ownership of Lahr came into the hands of Walter Von Geroldseck. It remained in the ownership of this family until 1426, when the last male member of this family died. There seems to have been a steady advance up to this time, but for the following 100 years things were very much on the down grade. By intermarriage with other families, there resulted claims and counter claims innumerable. War followed for some 20 years with the accompanying result of loss of life and property. In the year 1527, two houses claimed ownership to Lahr—the families of Mahlburg and Nassau. This fell in the time of the Reformation. The Mahlburger house held to Catholicism while the Nassauers were Protestants. There seems to have resulted a joint control between Catholics and Protestants which lasted several years. The result, as may be expected, proved very unsatisfactory. Finally, about the year 1629, a settlement, partly by lot, was arrived at by which Lahr fell to the house of Nassau. So the country of Baden, with the town of Lahr remain Protestant to this day.

The foregoing fell in the time of the 30-year war (1618-1648), followed soon after by the invasion of the right bank of the Rhine by the French. This brought suffering unheard of to the inhabitants of town and country. A terrible famine resulted and thousands died of starvation. The French invasion was the most brutal and devilish recorded in all history. Towns were plundered and burned; many settlements disappeared and were never rebuilt. Lahr's population was reduced to one-fourth its normal number.

Having already briefly referred to the location of Lahr, it might be well to go into this a little further. It is a difficult matter to draw a closed picture of any town. They usually spread out in different directions; that is if they are growing towns. I have already referred to a fairly satisfactory view of the town that can be had by ascending several





MINA ROOS KAUFMANN  
Second Generation

elevations that surround it on three sides. We have here, in the city of Williamsport, on the South Side, the Bald Eagle Range. From several of the peaks of this range, a good view can be had of the city and the West Branch Valley. All one has to do is a little mountain climbing. Many a time, in my young manhood, in company of friends, we frequently indulged in that mode of exercise and were amply repaid for the exercise required. A very good view of the west end of our city can be had from our own beautiful Wildwood; the best probably from the East section, near the reservoir.

In 1830 the population of Lahr was about 6,000. It now has about 15,000. This was exceeded, previous to the World War, by about 1,000. A population of 6,000, even one hundred years ago, may seem like a small town; but bear in mind that Williamsport in 1830 had a population of only about 1,000, or one-sixth only of that of Lahr. Now at the close of our Civil War, in 1865, we had reached, approximately 15,000, being that of Lahr in 1930. When we consider that in the beginning of the 18th century, owing to the numerous wars, Lahr had been practically wiped out, and that the growth of old world towns and cities is necessarily slow, the old town has done pretty well.

This town that we are still visiting seems to be fairly prosperous, and is said to be one of the very best of the middle class European cities. In a look around, I have

located the following industries: Sixteen Cartonage factories; 11 Book Publishing Houses; 8 Lithographische (Kunstanstalten); 9 Cigar and Cigarette factories; 6 Furniture factories; 2 Leather Findings, drugs, jewelry and many others too numerous to mention. Labor seems to be fairly well employed at home and abroad. Many men and women find employment as commercial travellers.

Before closing this subject it should be noted that Lahr, as it stands today, has in the main been rebuilt since the early part of the 19th century. As far as possible old buildings have been improved, and many replaced by others of more up-to-date construction. We have noted how, after the 30-year war and succeeding ones, followed by repeated invasions of the French, there was scarcely anything left that was worth saving. The people were poverty stricken, and pestilence and famine carried them off by the thousands. Yet, in spite of all these terrible privations and grinding poverty, our ancestors did the only thing they could do, they "carried on." We often wonder what we, who have been so much more tenderly nurtured would do, if placed in a small fraction only of what they had to face.

Besides a large number of prominent business houses and attractive private residences, there are several public buildings of which note might be made. The first of these is the Rathaus (City Hall). It dates back to the year 1608, and has been preserved in its original form. It is the only public building that passed through the 30-year war and the succeeding plundering and burning by the French 200 years ago. Some minor changes and repairs were made in 1889 and 1925, but the corner-stone still carries the date "1608." This was about the time that the first permanent settlement in our country was made at Jamestown, Virginia, and 12 years before the landing of the Mayflower at Plymouth. There are several very attractive church buildings in the town. The Christus kirche (Protestant), built in 1880, carries a dome that bears a striking resemblance to the dome of our national capital. This church was heavily endowed by Herr E. W. Iamm, a wealthy citizen of Lahr. This gentleman also contributed very largely to the purchase and up-





ELIZABETH VIESER (KASS)  
Second Generation

keep of a beautiful park. The Catholic church stands on Schiller street. It has a double tower and makes an impressive appearance. My cousin, T. Kaufmann, writes as follows: "We have, denominationally speaking, the following in Lahr: about one-third are Catholics; the remaining two-thirds are mostly of the State church (Lutheran); then there is a scattering of other denominations, including some Jews. One hundred years ago those who held to Catholicism did not exceed 5%. There are two large church buildings belonging to the State church, one Catholic church, and a Methodist chapel."

After having enumerated our forbears, making their home in Europe, we are ready to take train for Dinglingen. We find here a very attractive passenger station—one that would be a credit to many towns much larger in our own country. There is a park surrounding the station on three sides, that is a real beauty spot. An outstanding feature is a recently erected memorial to the men of the 169th infantry regiment, who lost their lives in the World War. It carries the names of the battles in which this regiment took part, and is surmounted by a large lion in a position of being ready to spring.

Our grandfather, Christian Frederick Roos, was born in the town of Lahr, Grand Duchy of Baden, in the year 1779.

He was a well to do, industrious man and followed the trade of a furrier in his native town. His first wife, whose maiden name was Julianna Kroll, died about the year 1816, leaving four children, of whom my father was the youngest, and only about two years old. It so happened that grandmother had a younger widowed sister whose name was Katherine Elizabeth Vieser. My father told me that his mother's dying wish was that her sister and grandfather might eventually marry. This, in the course of time, they decided to do. Father's stepmother had two children by her first marriage—a son and a daughter. The son, Jacob Vieser, was a clock-maker and jeweler by occupation, and from all the information I have been able to secure, married and continued to reside in the home town. The sister, Elizabeth Vieser, married a man by the name of Kass, and they, with their four children, emigrated to the city of Philadelphia some years later. I distinctly recall, when a boy of about twelve years of age, that Cousin Frederick Kass came to our home, several miles out from this city, and spent a month or two with us. He was a man of about twice my age and very fond of fishing. Lycoming Creek was about one mile away and I usually accompanied him. As I recall it, he frequently told me of some of his experiences in the pursuit of fishing. One of these I have always remembered through all the years. It was on the subject of eels, and ran something like this: He was one of a crowd of boys, in a boat on the Delaware River, and they encountered a body floating on the water. On investigation they discovered that the corpse was alive with eels. While I am fond of most fish, I have always drawn the line at eels to this day.

Herewith follows the genealogy of the Roos Family:

CHRISTIAN FREDERICK ROOS

Born in 1779, married in 1804, died in 1861.

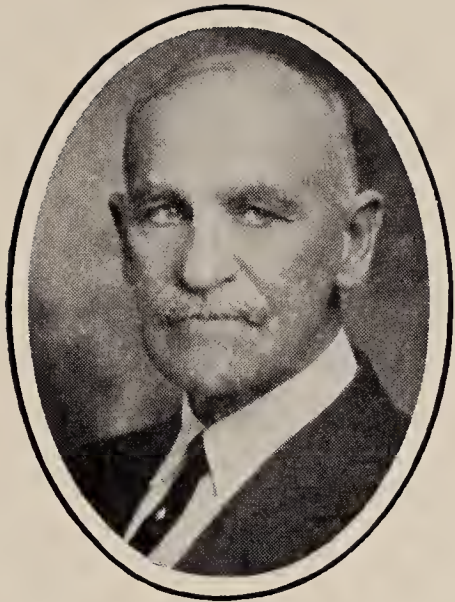
JULIANNA KROLL

Born in 1782, married in 1804, died in 1816.

KATHERINE E. VIESER

Born in 1784, married in 1817, died in 1864.





CHARLES ROOS  
Third Generation



ELLA C. ENTRIKIN (ROOS)

First marriage, second generation:

CHRISTIAN ROOS, born in 1805; died in young manhood (date indefinite).

SALOME ROOS, born in 1807; married Fred Kieffer; died in 1857.

JULIANNA ROOS, born in 1811; died in young womanhood (date indefinite).

KARL ROOS, born in 1814; married in 1846; died in 1887.

Second marriage, second generation:

FERDINAND ROOS, born in 1818; died at the age of about 9 years.

ERNEST ROOS, born in 1820; married (no descendants); died in 1901.

EMIL ROOS, born in 1824; married (about 1850); died in 1857.

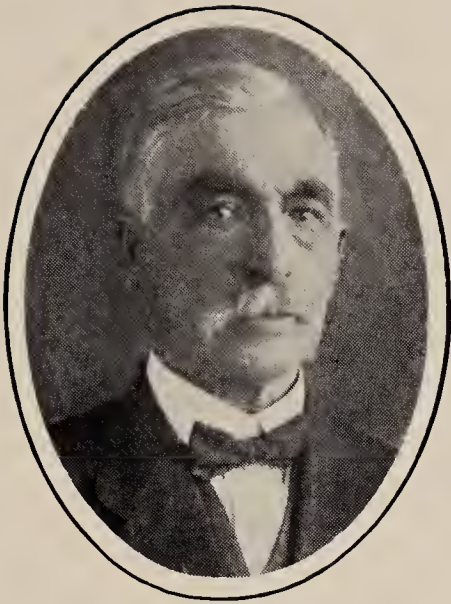
MINA ROOS, born in 1828; married in 1848; died in 1894.

Referring to the foregoing some explanation should be made. I would not care to be placed on oath as to the correctness of all the dates. Some of them are only approximate, but they are not far out of the way. If any of you have a notion that it is not a difficult matter to collect data for a genealogical history, you, to use a common expression, "have another guess coming." My aunt, Salome Roos, who married a man by the name of Kieffer, must have been an exceptional woman. She was about five years older than my father, and he often spoke of her. I imagine that, owing to his being only two years old when his mother passed

away, she had much to do with his bringing up. She was the mother of two children; a son and a daughter. Of neither of these have I been able to secure any definite data, except that my cousin Karl had gone to Algiers and France, and that one of his descendants was a general in the French army. There was a son in this family by a former marriage of Herr Kieffer, whom I recall very well. His name was Leopold, and he came to our home at Warrensville with Uncle Ernest when I was about 7½ years old, and returned to the Fatherland about 2½ years later. My recollection of this distant relative is none of the pleasantest. He had a small inheritance from his mother's estate, which he invested in a farm, and persuaded father and mother to live with him. As a matter of accommodation they tried it for a while, but it did not prove successful. We moved from Warrensville to the Kieffer farm in the spring of 1856. To the best of my recollection, father purchased the Log Run home, in the latter part of the summer, and we moved there in the early fall. A quick temper may be a German trait, and Leopold Kieffer had it many times over. He frequently abused me when father or mother were out of sight, and I often vowed that I would get square with him when I grew up. Well, I did grow up, but by that time he was back safely in Germany. I could give him credit for only one thing. Before he departed the U. S. A. he had manhood enough left to ask father's pardon for what he had done.

My father, Rev. Karl Roos, was born in the year 1814, in the town of Lahr, Baden, and emigrated to the U. S. A. in the year 1846. All Germany had a compulsory school law, and father secured a good education, though, to the best of my knowledge, he never went to College. He was well versed in French and had a fair knowledge of English. Best of all, he was a very religious man and a great Bible student. Right here I find it necessary to make a digression somewhat out of the ordinary. As already stated, father was a diligent Bible student. His parents held to the established church and were Godfearing people in every respect. While he had not come into personal contact with people of the Baptist persuasion, he soon got into corre-





THOMAS BALLING

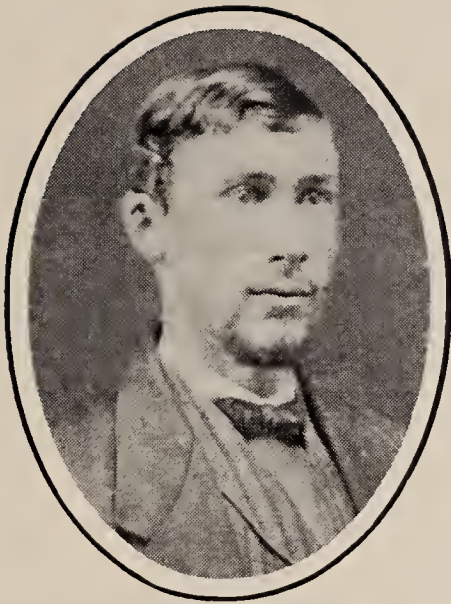


JULIA ROOS (BALLING)  
Third Generation

spondence with them, and fully subscribed to their views. At that time, baptism by immersion was not permitted in Germany; in other words, it was *verboten*. It seemed to father that "The civil powers should have no control over the religious opinions of men." Nearby Switzerland was, in those days, the only country in Europe that subscribed to that sentiment. There father went in order to satisfy his conscience. Every German boy (and I think even to this day) was compelled to learn a trade. Grandfather was a furrier by trade, and so father took up his father's trade. He worked at it as a journeyman in Paris and Lyons for several years. After his return home and the experience before related, he felt a call to preach, and corresponded with the Rev. Conrad Fleishmann, of Philadelphia. Rev. Fleishmann was pastor of a German Baptist church in Philadelphia, and had organized several churches among the Germans of Lycoming County in the vicinity of Williamsport; also a start had been made in the West, mainly in Indiana and Kentucky. On advice of Rev. Fleishmann, father decided to leave Lahr, and arranged to do so at an early date. He was 32 years old and unmarried. Aunt Salome told him that a young woman acquaintance of hers had secured passage on the same vessel, and suggested that he give her reasonable attention. The result was an engagement on the way across, followed by marriage about six months after landing in New York.

The German Baptist Mission Society of the U. S. A. had headquarters in the city of Philadelphia, and on recommendation of Rev. Fleishmann, father was assigned to a field in Southern Indiana. Our home was in Clark County, on the Ohio River, and nearly opposite the city of Louisville, Ky. The writer must be a Hoosier by birth and a Pennsylvanian by adoption. I was born in the Indiana home, and my sister, Julia, two years my junior, in Philadelphia. From this I figure, that our stay in Hoosierdom must have been about three years. Father was transferred to Philadelphia and from there to Lycoming County, Pa. I have previously referred to Rev. Fleishmann's activities among the German-speaking people in the vicinity of Williamsport, and it was to these country congregations that father was sent to minister. To the best of my recollection, there were four stations that father was to supply. They were at Warrensville, Fairfield Township, Rose Valley and Anthony Township. Our home, nearly all the time he supplied these charges, was in the village of Warrensville. Some of these stations were nearby and others from four to six miles away. He usually reached them afoot and must have been a famous pedestrian. In those days there were, of course, no automobiles and even a horse and buggy would have been too expensive a luxury. I have already made mention of a visit from Uncle Ernest while we lived in Warrensville, accompanied by Leopold Kieffer. They came direct from Germany, as I recall it, but uncle had received a call from a church in Cincinnati, which he accepted. He was a minister of either the Lutheran or Reformed persuasion. He was about 37 or 38 years old and unmarried. He held the pastorate in Cincinnati about 12 years and then accepted a call from St. Louis, where he remained about the same length of time. Uncle Ernest was one of the most scholarly men that I ever came in contact with. He was master of seven or eight languages and could carry, mentally, a problem in multiplication with six figures in the multiplier. The linguistic part, I know of my own knowledge, because he read to us the Bible in all the languages; the arithmetical part I got from father. But better than his outstanding scholarship was the fact that he was one of the most religious men





JOHN KEHRER



SALOME ROOS (KEHRER)  
Third Generation

that ever breathed. In late middle age, he came to the conclusion that he needed a helpmate. He must have been 47 or 48 when he came to this decision and wrote to some of his friends in the fatherland about it. A correspondence with a highly accomplished woman of suitable age resulted. They became engaged, and she crossed the water to marry him. In later years father visited them and told me that he never saw a more congenial couple. It proved an ideal match.

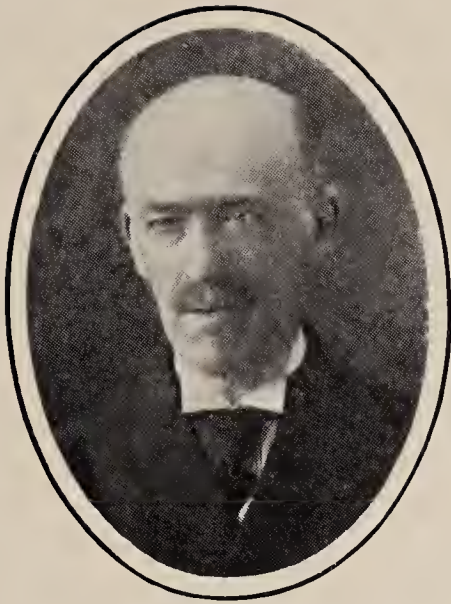
About nine months after the move from the Kieffer farm to the home purchased by father, on the Log Run road, mother passed away. It was in early May, as I recall it, in the year 1857. We ranged from 11½ to a little over 9 years of age. Friends offered to care for the two youngest, but father would not agree to have them adopted. For a matter of about three years we managed to keep together with the aid of an elderly lady as housekeeper. Sister Julia was very capable for a girl of her age, and we then decided to dispense with the services of the housekeeper, and things moved along fairly well, everything considered. After mother's death, father asked to be relieved of two of the charges to which he ministered and retained the oversight of the other two for a matter of two or three years longer. Naturally, as we grow older the tragedies of life multiply. In the early Fall of 1864, brother Christian was taken vio-

lently ill and passed on a few days later. Father happened to be away but returned the following day. He seemed heart broken, and it seemed to me that he was never the same afterwards. Christian was nearly 13 years of age, had always been a good boy, and evidently was his father's favorite child.

In the summer of 1868, when I was employed in a store in Williamsport, father came to town one day and informed me that he was in receipt of a letter from Uncle Ernest, from Cincinnati, insisting that he come there and make it his home for a while at least. I could see that he was undecided, but felt that he would like to do so. My advice was that he should go as he was alone much of the time. He agreed to my suggestion and left Williamsport a few days later. In due time I received a letter, advising that he had received a call from a German Baptist church at Newport, Ky., directly across the river from Cincinnati. He remained there for about three years. Uncle having removed to St. Louis, father soon after returned to Pennsylvania. This was in 1871, and soon after, a call came to him from Quincy, Ill., where he remained eight years.

Through my nephew, Charles M. Roos, of Cairo, Ill., I am in receipt of a letter from one of father's parishioners, giving some interesting data, from which I herewith quote: "Rev. Roos offered to come here without any stated salary and be satisfied with whatever we could give. The mission society offered to help, but he would not accept any help as he wanted to be independent. He said he had an income from his farm." My brother and myself with three girls were the first to be baptized after the church was organized. This was in January, 1873. The ice was about two feet thick and a hole had to be cut through. There Rev. Roos baptized us with about 2,000 people looking on from the land and frozen river. Of course we will never forget this. He baptized others later on, and was very popular outside the membership of the church, having also many friends in other churches. In the spring he would help us in our gardens, and in the ground, behind the church, he planted peach trees and vegetables. For some time he gave the children in-





ERNEST ROOS  
Third Generation

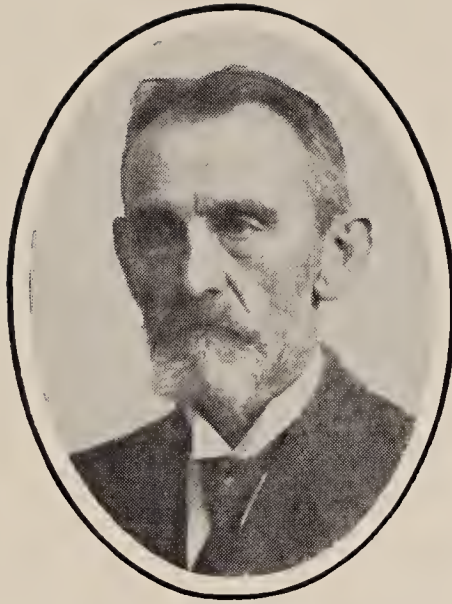


HANNAH E. HYDE (ROOS)

struction in German—usually on Saturdays. He helped a number of people with their business correspondence—both in German and English. This same letter states that in looking over the old church records, he finds that father left Quincy in 1879, but does not know where he went. Evidently this correspondent had forgotten that father had returned to Pennsylvania. The writer was then living at Montrose, Pa., where he was superintendent of the town schools. It was in the month of May when father showed up there and spent some time with us. I then was married and had one son, 1½ years old. We could not hold him more than a week or ten days. There was no German element in the town, and I recall but one family that could speak the language. While he could speak and write the English language fairly well, he always retained a strong German accent. He told me that when he was located at Newport, Ky., he was asked to preach in English for the benefit of the young people. Being of an accommodating disposition, he agreed to make the attempt and got along fairly well, everything considered. From Montrose he returned to his old stamping ground, and made his home with sister Salome and family near Montoursville, Pa. Occasionally, during the spring and summer season, he would spend a few days on the old home place, but most of the time he spent going from one home to another. Naturally, he also had many

friends throughout the country and was always welcomed wherever he called. By this time, he had practically given up regular pulpit service, but was frequently invited to fill a vacancy, which he never refused. As my mind goes back over many years one thing after another holds my attention. Four years after father's return we moved to the western part of Pennsylvania, where father came to visit us several times. One day, at table, he spoke of his occasional visits to his farm, and how he would be alone there most of the time. My wife's aunt, who made her home with us, spoke up with this remark: "Why, Mr. Roos, don't you ever get lonesome?" "Not at all," he replied, "I always have good company, having the Lord with me." Along in March, 1887, I received his last letter, in which he told me that he was not feeling well. A few days later came a letter from my niece, Mary Jane Kehrer, saying that grandfather was not well and had requested her to write me. She also intimated that father was anxious to see me. Without loss of time, I took the first eastbound train for Williamsport, reached the Kehrer home about 3 P. M., and found that sister Julia had already preceded me. Just as I feared, pneumonia, that most always fatal disease, particularly with people well along in life, had taken hold of him. I found him perfectly rational, but suffering much; was with him through the night, and about 4 A. M. he requested to be turned from right to left. He seemed to rest easily, and replied, to my query, that he was all right. I got into a dose, sister Julia came down about half an hour later, when we discovered that he had passed on. Evidently he went to sleep and never awoke again. On April 1st, 1887, we took him to the Blooming Grove cemetery where our mother and brother had preceded him many years. People came from near and far, in all kinds of conveyances and on foot. Many people on in years told me that they had never seen so many people at a funeral within their recollection. As I looked on him the last time, I said to myself: "You certainly have made a brave fight for the cause of righteousness." This comforting message also came to me: "Though he were dead, yet shall he live."





THEODOR KAUFMANN  
Third Generation

I have a letter from Uncle Ernest, dated Bern, Switzerland, April 21st, that I prize very highly. It was in reply to mine, advising him of father's passing. Father had charged me, before his passing, to be sure and notify uncle at once as soon as it was all over. There was an affection between the brothers that was ideal, as the letter shows. It is in German, and I am making the best translation that I possibly can of two paragraphs. You no doubt realize that it is a difficult matter to translate German into English, and preserve all the sentiment. This is a part of uncle's letter which I translate as follows: "We sorrow with you over the heavy loss of the dear departed; who was to us a very dear brother not only after the flesh, but in the Lord Jesus, in the love of the spirit; in this we sorrow not as the world, that has no God, no trust and no hope. Though we know that your dear father is at home with the Lord, in the blessed fatherhouse, and that now he can see, with unspeakable joy, what he here believed, and, with word and example followed to the end. We grant him from the heart, the blessed rest, with Jesus in the light, and are happy in the thought of the wonderful reunion on the promised resurrection day, when the Lord will make everything new and unite the redeemed for ever and ever." I would like to give you more of this letter but language fails me. However, I would be glad to have any of the relatives read the letter in full. Of course,

it would be necessary to have enough knowledge of the language of the fatherland. In a letter from Cousin Theodor Kaufmann, he tells me that Uncle Ernest passed on in 1900 or 1901, and was mourned by everyone who had ever come in contact with him.

The direct descendants of Karl and Karoline Roos follows. In this connection, please note that they come in the order of age (whether male or female), and that those who have intermarried always follow the members of the family:

CHARLES ROOS, born January 23, 1848; married January 6, 1876. — *Died Apr 11 1932*  
ELLA C. ENTRIKIN, born December 29, 1850; married January 6, 1876; died September 15, 1924.

JULIA ROOS, born November 9, 1849; married November 12, 1869; died October 25, 1911.

THOMAS BALLING, born March 19, 1843; married November 12, 1869; died July 5, 1922.

CHRISTIAN F. ROOS, born October 12, 1851; died September 15, 1864.

SALOME ROOS, born October 23, 1853; married February 4, 1875; died September 1, 1926.

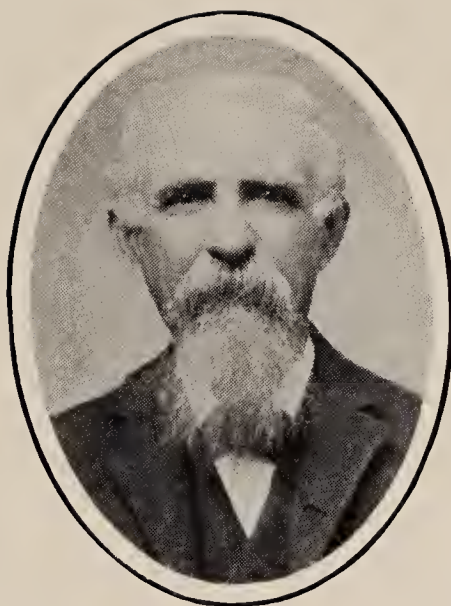
JOHN KEHRER, born September 18, 1846; married February 4, 1875; died February 12, 1914.

ERNEST ROOS, born November 11, 1855; married January 10, 1878; died November 27, 1927.

HANNAH E. HYDE, born September 15, 1859; married January 10, 1878. — *Died Nov. 2. 1931*

Please note that, in the foregoing enumeration, there are but two survivors as of date, January 23d, 1931. Referring to descendants of my aunt, Salome Roos (Kiefer), I want to mention some additional data that has just reached me. There was a son, Karl, and a daughter, whose name I do not have. You already know as to Karl, who emigrated to Algiers, and from there to France. My cousin, Theodor Kaufmann, informs me that she married a relative of his, also Kaufmann by name, and there were living, of this union, two sons and three daughters. I have no means of knowing where any of these grandchildren of my Aunt Salome





CHARLES F. KASS  
Third Generation

Kiefer live, and so can go no farther along that line. By referring to some foregoing data you will recall that of grandfather's second marriage there were also four children; three sons and one daughter. Of these the first born son died young. The second son, Uncle Ernest, married late in life and had no children. The remaining two, I am compelled to defer for later enumeration, as I am waiting for needed data that has not reached me yet.

#### FOURTH GENERATION

Descendants of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Roos:

ERNEST E. ROOS, born December 29, 1877; married December 9, 1919.

ESTHER BROAD, married December 9, 1919.

GERTRUDE W. ROOS, born January 1, 1880; married March 25, 1921.

FRANK B. EMERY, married March 25, 1921.

SARAH JANE ROOS, born October 21, 1882; married November 17, 1904.

CHARLES H. DRINKWATER, married November 17, 1904.

CAROLINE B. ROOS, born April 8, 1885.

FLORENCE D. ROOS, born January 21, 1888; married August 22, 1916.

ALBERT E. MERCER, married August 22, 1916.

CHARLES ARTHUR ROOS, born April 17, 1894; married May 1, 1920;  
died April 11, 1926.

KATHERINE P. CONNER, married May 1, 1920.

### Descendants of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Balling:

HATTIE G. BALLING, born January 5, 1871; married November 16,  
1897.

WILLIAM HOFFMAN, married November 16, 1897.

BERTHA M. BALLING, born March 8, 1874; married September 30,  
1895.

THEO. M. TRIMMER, married September 30, 1895.

MAURICE T. BALLING, born July 28, 1878; married August 25, 1906.

ELIZABETH E. BLUMENSHEIN, married August 25, 1906.

ELLA GRACE BALLING, born November 15, 1882; died September  
28, 1891.

JOHN ERNEST BALLING, born May 30, 1888; married December 16,  
1910.

GRACE A. DAVIS, married December 16, 1910.

HERBERT J. BALLING, born October 21, 1895; died January 21, 1897.

### Descendants of Mr. and Mrs. John Kehrer:

MARY J. KEHRER, born November 26, 1875.

IDA E. KEHRER, born August 7, 1877; died January 12, 1878.

HARRY E. KEHRER, born January 16, 1879; married January 26,  
1905.

CAROLINE W. ERTEL, married January 26, 1905.

THOMAS J. KEHRER, born September 30, 1883; married December  
2, 1909.

ELIZABETH PAUL, married December 2, 1909.

KATHERINE H. KEHRER, born December 20, 1885; married March  
16, 1910; died October 19, 1922.

CHARLES BOWER, married March 16, 1910.

JULIA A. KEHRER, born August 4, 1888; married April 20, 1915.

GEORGE WOERNLE, married April 20, 1915.





ELIZABETH KASS (BACHMANN)  
Third Generation

MARTIN L. KEHRER, born June 3, 1891; married June 12, 1920.  
JENNIE CONRAD, married June 12, 1920.

ABBIE M. KEHRER, born August 23, 1893; died September 9, 1894.

REUBEN KEHRER, born July 13, 1896.

EMMA KEHRER, born March 14, 1898; died July 23, 1899.

#### Descendants of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Roos:

ELLA MAY ROOS, born October 19, 1878; married February 26, 1901.

HARRY MUTCHLER, married February 26, 1901.

MARY JULIA ROOS, born February 26, 1881; married August 19, 1910.

REV. ERNEST C. LUNGER, married August 19, 1910.

CHARLES M. ROOS, born March 10, 1883; married May 18, 1910.

FAY DIFFENBACHER, married May 18, 1910; died May 13, 1915.

VIRTUS BROWN, married December 18, 1921.

WILLIAM C. ROOS, born June 3, 1885; married August 9, 1909.

EDITH SHAFFER, married August 9, 1909.

HARRIET D. ROOS, born June 7, 1890; married November 5, 1913.

GEORGE R. VILLINGER, married November 5, 1913.

CORA E. ROOS, born April 2, 1892; married June 3, 1925.

HECTOR A. MAHAFFEY, married June 3, 1925.

BERTHA L. ROOS, born October 20, 1894; married July 2, 1921.

M. G. WILLIAMSON, married July 2, 1921.

In order to get lined up on belated information, it will be best, at this point, to return to Lahr, in order to tabulate what is still amiss at that point. Reference has already been made to the descendants of grandfather's second marriage. There were four of this group, of whom one died at an early age, while another, Uncle Ernest, left no descendants. The remaining two, we hereby enumerate:

EMIL ROOS, born January 19, 1824; married about 1850; died in 1857.

LOUISA TIEBENPFIEFER, born in 1828; married about 1850; died in 1911.

MINA ROOS, born June 10, 1828; married in 1848; died in 1894.

THEODOR KAUFMANN, born in 1817; married in 1848; died in 1903.

The descendants of Mr. and Mrs. Emil Roos follow:

FRITZ ROOS, born in 1852. When last heard from, lived in Montreal, Canada; was unmarried.

FRIEDA ROOS, born in 1854; married about 1886; died in 1927.

ADOLF LEBER, married about 1886; died in 1895.

THEOPHIL ROOS, born in 1856; married about 1880.

MRS. THEOPHIL (DREHER) ROOS, married about 1880.

The descendants of Mr. and Mrs. Theodor Kaufmann follow:

ERNEST KAUFMANN, born December 17, 1849; married May 15, 1883; died in 1883.

EMILIE KAUFMANN, born December 17, 1851; died in 1917.

MINA (MEYER) KAUFMANN, born June 11, 1853; married September 21, 1873; died in 1928.

EMMA (BULTMANN) KAUFMANN, born May 26, 1855; married May 26, 1879; died in 1883.



## THE CHARLES ROOS FAMILY



### Fourth Generation

Top Row—ERNEST, GERTRUDE, SARAH

Bottom Row—CAROLINE, FLORENCE, ARTHUR

THEODOR KAUFMANN, born in 1857; married.

MRS. THEODOR (WILKENS) KAUFMANN; married.

SALOME KAUFMANN (UHRIG), born October 2, 1858; married September 5, 1886.

NATALI KAUFMANN, born December 11, 1859; died in 1927.

MARIE KAUFMANN (ERZBERGER), born May 12, 1862; married.

This brings us to the close of the third generation of the overseas branch of the family, as far as we have been able to secure reliable data. There are likely some minor errors in the enumeration just completed. If so they are likely in dates of marriage and death. I have simply done the very best I could and must confess that, in plain language, "it has been a trying job." There yet remains the fourth generation. This you will find rather fragmentary, and it herewith follows:

### Descendants of Mr. and Mrs. Theophil Roos:

MISS ALICE ROOS, born August 20, 1882.

The writer has had the privilege of meeting the parents of this lady, who live in Newark, N. J., and understands that Miss Roos is a teacher of German in one of the higher schools of that state.

### Descendants of Mr. and Mrs. Adolf Leber:

PAULA LEBER, born about 1888; died in 1913.

IDA LEBER, born February 1, 1891.

ADOLF LEBER, born January 15, 1893; married about 1920.

EMILIE LEBER, born May 12, 1895; married about 1919.

I have a letter from Adolph reading as follows: "I have a daughter eight years of age and a boy three years old. My sister, Emilie, has two boys." The descendants of the Leber family, as I understand it, all live in the city of Freiburg, Baden. Please note, that in the enumeration, there are two Theodor Kaufmanns. The senior Theodor belongs to the second generation, and the junior belongs to the third. The junior Theodor is first cousin to the writer, and he gives me the following data, relative to his family:

### Descendants of Mr. and Mrs. Theodor Kaufmann:

MINA, married to a college professor in England; has two children.

FRIEDRICH, married and is professor in a college at Radolfzell, Baden; two children.

EMMA, died September 9, 1921, due to disease contracted in hospital during World War.

WALTER, who lost his life at the front April 21, 1918. Here we have two young people cut off in their young manhood and womanhood and right in the prime of life. What a horrible thing war is any way. General Sherman truly said: "War is HELL!"

As the years slip by, and even late middle life is a thing of the past, it is but natural that our thoughts should revert more and more to bygone days. The following dialogue between two of Dickens characters brings out very plainly the writer's meaning in this connection. "Yours is a long life to look back upon, sir?" said Sidney Carlton. "I am in my seventy-eighth year," replied Jarvis Lorry. "I should



## THE ERNEST ROOS FAMILY



Fourth Generation

Top Row—ELLA, MARY, CHARLES, WILLIAM

Bottom Row—HARRIET, CORA, BERTHA

like to ask you: Does your childhood seem far off? Do the days when you sat at your mother's knees, seem days of very long ago?" To which Jarvis Lorry replied as follows: "Twenty years back, yes; at this time of my life, no. For as I draw closer and closer to the end, I travel in a circle, nearer and nearer to the beginning. It seems to be a kind of smoothings and preparings of the way. My heart is touched now by many remembrances that had long fallen asleep, of my pretty young mother (and I so old), and by the many associations of the days when what we call the world was not so real with me, and my faults were not confirmed in me." At my time of life, Mr. Lorry's experience closely parallels my own. My mother passed on at the early age of thirty-six, and "I so old!" I recall a good many things about her. She was a good mother and very strict. In all sincerity, I can say that I richly deserved all the corrections that I received. It seems to me yet that she could wrestle with the Lord in prayer as if she were inspired. The day

before her passing she called me to her bedside, as near as I can recall and translate it, left me this message: "My boy, I am going to leave you, and I want you to meet me in Heaven." This recalls the following lines:

My mother's hand is on my brow,  
Her gentle voice is pleading now;  
Across the years so marred by sin,  
What memories of love steal in!

My dear friends: I think that you all will agree with me, that these outstanding and seeming tragedies of this life, increase as the years go by. I know too that most of you have been called on to pass through the dark waters, in the loss of parents and children. These are things that we must meet. Between six and seven years ago, I stood beside a casket and repeated to myself the very impressive close of the Friends' marriage ceremony: "Promising to be unto her a loving and faithful husband, until death do us part." This thought also came to me: "Have you always, in thought as well as deed, lived up to that solemn promise?" I trust so, God helping me." Have any of you ever had a presentiment of some tragedy upon receipt of a letter or telegram? Nearly two years later, when twelve hundred miles away from home, I received a wire, advising me of such a tragedy. I knew only too well what the dire news was.

Fearing that you may think the writer pessimistic, I wish at this point, to disabuse your minds of any such notion. While I contend that it is but natural for us to grieve over those near us, who have passed into that unknown sea that rolls round all the world; yet it is wrong to brood over these troubles. It can do those who have passed on no good, and unfits us for the every day duties of life; to say nothing about the unpleasant effect it has on those with whom we come in contact from day to day. I am confident that if I had continued brooding over the sorrows and disappointments of my life, I would have lain in my grave these many years.

At this writing, a matter comes to my mind that, I am quite sure, will interest many of the family. Some years before his passing father confided to me that he had always



hoped that some one in the family would take up the calling of the ministry, but, sad to relate, it did not come in his lifetime. With this in mind, I wrote to my nephew, Charles M. Roos, and asked him if he had ever had an inclination in that direction. Part of his reply I quote: "It would probably not be quite correct for me to say that I had at one time planned for the ministry, although many people suggested to me that I enter the work. I have filled many pulpits, however, in my time, since I was 20 years old. I think I have preached for almost every denomination which we have in most of our cities, excepting Catholic, and I have made addresses in Catholic halls, schools, etc." Here follows a list of 12 denominations. I would say: Pretty good for a man who had not even been ordained to the ministry. However, father's wish was fulfilled in the succeeding generation, which will be referred to later.

## FIFTH GENERATION

### Descendants of Mr. and Mrs. William Hoffman:

ERNEST HOFFMAN, born February 13, 1899; died December 2, 1927.

JULIA HOFFMAN, born September 8, 1901; died March 6, 1904.

BERTHA HOFFMAN, born May 15, 1904; married in 1925.

GERTRUDE HOFFMAN, born June 16, 1906.

WILLIAM HOFFMAN, born April 3, 1909.

MAURICE HOFFMAN, born March 6, 1913.

MALCOLM FULTON, married to Bertha Hoffman in 1925.

### Descendants of Mr. and Mrs. Theodor M. Trimmer:

THEODOR THOMAS TRIMMER, born October 21, 1896; married June 5, 1924.

GERTRUDE NELSON, married June 5, 1924.

SAMUEL JULIAN TRIMMER, born May 24, 1898; married January 12, 1924.

BESSIE SEBRELL, married January 12, 1924.

JAMES MAURICE TRIMMER, born February 5, 1906; married August 27, 1930.

EUGENIA HUFF, married August 27, 1930.

GEORGE ALFRED TRIMMER, born January 26, 1910.

FRANCIS NELSON TRIMMER, born August 25, 1912.

Descendants of Mr. and Mrs. Maurice T. Balling:

MAURICE T. BALLING, JR., born October 6, 1907.

JOHN F. BALLING, born October 8, 1910.

CARL WILLIAM BALLING, born September 11, 1912.

ELIZABETH K. BALLING, born January 23, 1915.

ROBERT C. BALLING, born June 26, 1920.

WAYNE GEORGE BALLING, born December 28, 1923.

Reference has been made to some young men who decided to take up the ministry. These belong to the Trimmer family, and are James Maurice and Francis Nelson. Word comes to me from their mother that the former completed his Theological course about a year ago at Louisville Baptist Seminary, and now has a church at Emporia, Va., and recently married. His younger brother, Francis, is still in college, with, I judge, the same end in view. I was wondering what their great-grandfather would say to the foregoing, if he were still here.

Descendants of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Mutchler:

MAY R. MUTCHLER, born July 7, 1902; married June 25, 1925.

W. HERMAN DUNLAP, married June 25, 1925.

FLORENCE S. MUTCHLER, born March 7, 1905; married April 10, 1930.

RALPH DAVIE, married April 10, 1930.

LILLIAN L. MUTCHLER, born April 28, 1907; married June 4, 1929.

PAUL HEIM, married June 4, 1929.

Descendants of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest C. Lunger:

PAUL ROOS LUNGER, born August 4, 1911.

RUTH LUNGER, born June 6, 1916.

Descendants of Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Roos:

LOIS FAY ROOS, born March 18, 1915; (first marriage).

CHARLES W. ROOS, born July 2, 1927; (second marriage).

Descendants of Mr. and Mrs. George Villinger:

ALICE D. VILLINGER, born December 12, 1917.



Descendants of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Mahaffey:  
WILLIAM G. MAHAFFEY, born February 22, 1927.

Descendants of Mr. and Mrs. Milton G. Williamson:  
GLEN SMITH WILLIAMSON, born February 24, 1927.

Descendants of Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Kehrer:  
MARIAN E. KEHRER, born August 15, 1906.  
MABEL I. KEHRER, born August 15, 1908.  
JOHN W. KEHRER, born August 17, 1911.  
FLOYD E. KEHRER, born July 8, 1916.

Descendants of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Kehrer:  
PAUL R. KEHRER, born March 8, 1911.  
ROBERT KEHRER, born April 6, 1915.  
IVA A. KEHRER, born March 23, 1917.

Descendants of Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Bower:  
AGNES M. BOWER, born June 19, 1911.  
ELLEN BOWER, born July 3, 1913.  
IRENE BOWER, born October 23, 1915; died December 11, 1915.  
JACOB K. BOWER, born June 7, 1918.  
HAZEL L. BOWER, born August 1, 1920.  
DAVID E. BOWER, born October 6, 1922.

Descendants of Mr. and Mrs. George E. Woernle:  
INFANT SON, born October 14, 1916, (deceased).  
ARTHUR K. WOERNLE, born June 30, 1919.  
INFANT DAUGHTER, born June 19, 1923, (deceased).

Descendants of Mr. and Mrs. Martin L. Kehrer:  
CHARLES L. KEHRER, born December 13, 1921; died February 22, 1929.  
ORA JEAN KEHRER, born May 6, 1923.  
HELEN J. KEHRER, born September 9, 1925.

Descendants of Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Emery:  
JANE EMERY, born May 11, 1923; died May 29, 1923.

Descendants of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Mercer:  
JACK ROOS MERCER, born March 16, 1921.

Descendants of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur C. Roos:

INFANT DAUGHTER, born November 20, 1922, (deceased).

ARTHUR E. ROOS, born May 30, 1925.

There is an important matter that I have referred to, possibly more than once, but, lest there may still be a misunderstanding, it may be well to repeat once more. My father's stepmother was also his aunt, and so the two children she had by her first marriage were also his first cousins. Their names were Jacob and Elizabeth Vieser. Jacob was born in the year 1808, was married, and died in 1867, presumably in the home town of Lahr, but we have not been able to secure any further data, as to him or his descendants.

ELIZABETH VIESER, born 1812; married 1836; died 1862.

JACOB P. KASS, born 1804; married 1836; died 1898.

Their descendants follow:

FREDERICK C. KASS, born 1837; married; died 1876.

KARL FRED. KASS, born 1839; married 1863; died 1925.

MARY M. WAHL, married 1863; died 1914.

ELIZABETH S. KASS, born 1844; married 1866; died 1911.

HENRY G. BACHMANN, born 1837; married 1866; died 1914.

ANNA M. KASS, born 1847; died 1865.

Descendants of Mr. and Mrs. Karl F. Kass (fourth generation):

ANN ELIZABETH KASS, born 1864; married 1895; died 1931.

JACOB F. KASS, born 1866; married 1903.

LOUIS E. KASS, born 1868; married 1917.

EMMA M. KASS, born 1871.

MARGARET KASS, born 1873; died 1875.

IDA S. KASS, born 1875; died 1877.

CHARLES L. KASS, born 1878; married 1905; died 1917.

MARY KASS, born 1880.

JOSEPH H. KASS, born 1884; married 1919.

Descendants of Mr. and Mrs. Henry G. Bachmann (fourth generation):

HENRY E. BACHMANN, born April 28, 1867; married June 18, 1901.

IDA F. WEBB, married June 18, 1901.



A. LAURA BACHMANN, born April 23, 1869; married August 2, 1894.  
FRANK CROWTHER, married August 2, 1894.

WALTER J. BACHMANN, born February 23, 1871; married January 20, 1892.

LILLIAN MEEKER, married January 20, 1892.

Descendants of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Crowther (fifth generation):

J. CHESTER CROWTHER, born August 9, 1897; married April 27, 1926.

MARION E. FINNINGER, born January 8, 1910; married April 27, 1926.

BAYARD H. CROWTHER, born March 24, 1901; married November 2, 1926.

GRACE B. HAVENS, born September 13, 1907; married November 2, 1926.

Descendants of Mr. and Mrs. Walter J. Bachmann (fifth generation):

MILDRED M. BACHMANN, born June 4, 1894; married April 20, 1918.

BENJ. W. FAUNCE, married April 20, 1918.

LILLIAN I. BACHMANN, born December 3, 1897; married October 3, 1920.

LYNN H. BAILEY, married October 3, 1920.

The J. Chester Crowther family have two boys (twins), Chester W. and Arthur H., born February 10, 1928. The Benjamin W. Faunce family have a daughter, Jane M., born November 22, 1921, and the Lynn Bailey family have a daughter, Nancy J., born April 13, 1923.

I was just thinking about my grandfather, Christian Frederick Roos, born in the last quarter of the 18th century, and what his thoughts would be if he were still here and could look forward to the close of the first quarter of the 20th century. He would see the beginning of a sixth generation. To the best of my knowledge, there are, thus far, three boys and one girl to represent that generation. This applies only to the writer's immediate family. There may be others but I have not been able to locate such. Should there be, all I can do is to apologize for the seeming neglect. Please recall the fact that Rev. Karl Roos (my father) had

an older sister, who married a man by the name of Kieffer, and was the mother of a son and daughter, both of whom married; but, beyond that, all records seem to have disappeared. It is on a par with that of my mother's family. I mentioned, in the early part of these reminiscences, my very sincere regret in this connection. Herewith follows the enumeration of the sixth generation of the Roos family:

Descendants of Mr. and Mrs. Malcom Fulton, of Osceola Mills, Pa.:

JOHN (JACK) FULTON, born July 7, 1926.

Mrs. Fulton is a daughter of Mrs. William Hoffman of the fourth generation.

Descendants of Mr. and Mrs. Theodor T. Trimmer, of Pittsburgh, Pa.:

THOMAS THEODOR TRIMMER, born March 30, 1929.

Mr. Theodor T. Trimmer is the oldest son Mrs. Theodor M. Trimmer.

Descendants of Mr. and Mrs. Herman Dunlap, of Williamsport, Pa.:

DORIS MAY DUNLAP, born June 15, 1930.

Mrs. Herman Dunlap is the daughter of Mrs. Harry Mutchler of the fourth generation.

Descendants of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Heim, of Williamsport, Pa.:

DONALD E. HEIM, born July 19, 1930.

Mrs. Paul Heim is a daughter of Mrs. Harry Mutchler of the fourth generation.

By casting your eyes over the preceding enumeration, please note the entire absence of the old family name of Roos, and, to be honest, I fear that in the near future it may entirely disappear. In my grandfather's time there were two boys who grew to manhood, married and had children. In the succeeding generation, bearing the family name, there were five boys, of whom three grew up and married. The following, or fourth generation, is represented by four men, and all married, but the fifth generation is now only represented by two rather youthful boys—Charles William Roos, born July 2, 1927, and Arthur Emerson Roos, born May 30, 1925. You can readily see my fears for the future.



It has been suggested that I name a committee of three members to carry on this work, from where I now bring this enumeration to a close. As it devolves on the fourth generation to carry on, I herewith recommend the following:

CHARLES M. ROOS, of Cairo, Ill.

ERNEST E. ROOS, of Hackensack, N. J., Route 1.

MRS. GEORGE WOERNLE, 321 Eldred Street, Williamsport, Pa.

The writer would suggest that it will be important to keep in touch with relatives who live at a distance—particularly those who live in Germany, and that he has such names and addresses in his possession and can furnish same at any time.

At this writing, I feel like congratulating all my relatives and friends that our lot was cast in the 19th and 20th centuries, and that we can all worship the Lord as our consciences may dictate. It recalls to my mind the discussions I had with my father in my youthful days. Father always held that God was not only all powerful, but that He always made everything right in the end. I was an omniverous reader, particularly on historical subjects. The horrors and deviltries inflicted on innocent people in the 16th, 17th and beginning of the 18th centuries were ever before me, and I would ask my father, why did God permit such things, and why did He allow the burning of Huss, and the persecution of Luther? These things were a great stumbling block to a boy of about my size, but father always contended that I would see later on that the Good Lord brought things out all right in the end. Long ago, I came to the conclusion that father was right. The Lord did raise up men like Luther and Calvin and Gustavus Adolphus and William of Orange. Also it came to me that nations, as well as individuals, meet their deserts in the end. Spain was the greatest offender. In the times referred to, she was, apparently, the greatest power on earth; while today she is practically nothing—hardly a third class power. France, probably the next offender, was in serious straits for a long time and had to pass through that horror—The French Revolution. There is no doubt that many innocent people were put to death; but, at the same time, most of the people, who were guilty

of heinous crimes, lost their heads. The poet, James Russell Lowell has truly said:

“Truth forever on the scaffold; wrong forever on the throne;  
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and behind the dim unknown,  
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his own.”

To be entirely fair, we must admit that the bigotry and intolerance of the 16th and 17th centuries was not confined entirely to the Romish Church. Only the good Lord knows that they have enough to answer for at the last day. The Church of England, in the time of that tyrant Henry, the VIII, has nothing to be proud of, and I very much fear that Knox, of Scotland, was not entirely innocent. Strangest of all, the Puritans of New England, were, I was going to say “sinners above all the rest.” After being hunted to death in England, they were driven out, but given asylum in Holland; from which country they emigrated to Plymouth in 1620. What did these good people do, after being fairly well established, but persecute those who did not agree with their religious views? They commenced with hanging Quakers and putting so-called witches to death. They drove Roger Williams out of their settlements in mid-winter, and he barely escaped with his life. May the Good Lord forgive them, and let us bear in mind that it was the age of bigotry and intolerance; and let us remember that we are living in an age of civil and religious liberty.

Victor Hugo says, “The book of Job is perhaps the greatest masterpiece of the human mind.” Speaking on the book of Job, a celebrated author makes the following striking comment: “Very early men began to be troubled over the inequalities of a world where there is so much suffering, and so much of the suffering seems to fall on those who least deserve it.” In Job 14:14, I read as follows: “If a man die, shall he live again?” My answer to that is by the good old Quaker poet:

“Yet love will dream, and faith will trust,  
(Since He who knows our need is just),  
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.”

The work is done, my story has been told; and, in the language of the Fatherland, “Auf Wiedersehn.”













